2. All things is handſome now my Lord.

Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murtherers.

Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerſet, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himſelfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*

K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainſt our vnckle,
Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme:
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe Lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our State.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Gloſters dead.

The King fals in a ſound.

Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.

Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can ſatisfie my greefes, or eaſe my heart?
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits:
Yet do not goe. Come Baſiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had beſt ſay that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me for wretched Gloſters death.

Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,